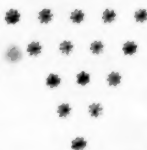


The Literary Miscellany.

N^o. VI.

CONTAINING

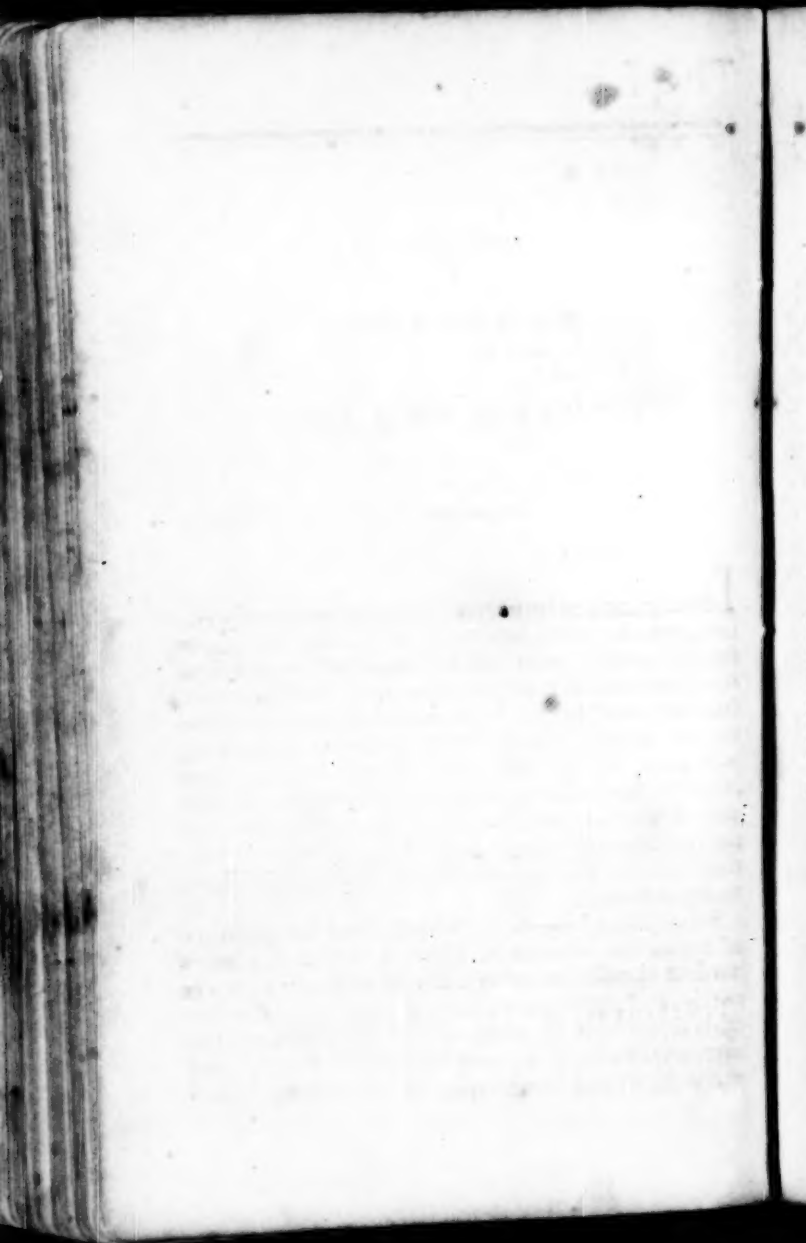
1. *The Story of Louisa Venoni.*
 2. *The Captive.*
 3. *The Negro Girl.*
 4. *Coloos, an Indian Tale.*
 5. *Jane of Dover.*
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THE STORY OF
LOUISA VENONI.

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IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity, or the pain of his enjoyments ; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ———, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy ; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something beside

pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune, to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at *Marseilles* with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving *Sir Edward* to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the roads, *Sir Edward* with a prejudice, natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which *Sir Edward* was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant, rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of *Sir Edward* brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of

the mansion, whose name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir *Edward* to sense and life. *Venoni* possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated, and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in *Venoni's* cottage, (for his house was but a better sort of cottage), the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, whose name, at her death, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louisa* better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had studied with success. *Louisa* felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they

had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with *Louisa*—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since *Louisa* had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression, animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thoughts of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louisa*; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at

the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she "no-body ever heard except my father: I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad." Sir *Edward* pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—"To marry where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir *Edward*!" It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir *Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father, with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as *Louisa* had represented him,

coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning *Louisa* was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louisa*.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. *Louisa* sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louisa* rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. “Are you not well, Sir *Edward*?” said *Louisa*, with a voice faint and broken—“I am ill, indeed,” said he, “but my illness is of the mind, *Louisa* cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I

“ leave you, *Louisa* ! I go to be wretched, but you
“ may be happy, happy in your duty to a father,
“ happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband,
“ whom the possession of such a wife may teach
“ refinement and sensibility.—I go to my native
“ country, to hurry through scenes of irksome
“ business or tasteless amusement ; that I may,
“ if possible, procure a sort of half oblivion of
“ that happiness which I have left behind, a list-
“ less endurance of that life which I once dream-
“ ed might be made delightful with *Louisa*.”

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir *Edward*'s servants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures ; one he had drawn of *Louisa*, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. “ This,” said he, “ if *Louisa* will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it perhaps, after the original is no more ; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be wretched.”

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death ; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. “ Oh ! Sir *Edward* ! said she, “ What—what would you have me do ! ”—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

The virtue of *Louisa* was vanquished ; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could

allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir *Edward* felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed : it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches ; but the quiet and un-upbraiding sorrows of *Louisa* nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words : sometimes a few starting tears would speak them ; and, when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louisa* to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife ; and had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures ; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by recollection of her father ; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Veroni*. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however an opportunity of accomplishing his

purpose. He had learned that *Venoni*, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir *Edward's* whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir *Edward's*, the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her lodgings separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered, as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In *London* Sir *Edward* found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of all her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant scene of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth, and insolence of station, their principles were mean,

and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures he experienced were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in *Sir Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle of her feelings, seemed to yield to their force: her rest forsook her; the color faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim. *Sir Edward* saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa*, his mind alternately agitated and softened with the impression, a *hand organ*, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. *Louisa* laid aside her lute, and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. *Sir Edward* or-

dered a servant to fetch the organist into the room : he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy : she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind—*Louisa* started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father.—She would have sprung to embrace him ; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment ; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—“I come not to upbraid you,” said *Venoni*, “I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraiding ; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die ! When you saw us first, *Sir Edward*, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy ; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our chearfulness ; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in *Venoni*’s fields : grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave ; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy ;—else why that dejected look which, amidst all the grandeur around you I saw you wear, and

“ those tears which, under all the gaudiness of
“ her apparel, I saw the poor deluded girl shed!”
——“ But she shall shed no more,” cried
Sir Edward; “ you shall be happy, and I shall
“ be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the
“ injuries which I have done thee : forgive me,
“ my *Louisa*, for rating your excellence at a
“ price so mean. I have seen those high-born
“ females to which my rank might have allied
“ me ; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of
“ their follies. Profligate in their hearts amidst
“ affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure
“ without the sincerity of passion ; and, with
“ the name of honour, are insensible to the feel-
“ ings of virtue. You, my *Louisa* !—but I will
“ not call up recollections that might render me
“ less worthy of your future esteem.——Con-
“ tinue to love your *Edward* ; but a few hours, and
“ you shall add the title to the affections of a wife ;
“ let the care and tenderness of a husband bring
“ back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to
“ your cheek. We will leave for a while the
“ wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle
“ here. We will restore your father to his native
“ home : under that roof I shall once more be
“ happy : happy without alloy, because I shall
“ deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe
“ and the dance gladden the valley, and inno-
“ cence and peace beam on the cottage of *V-*
“ *noni* !”



THE CAPTIVE.



I SAT down close to my table ; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it ; and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

——I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery : but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me,—I took a single CAPTIVE ; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from “hope deferred.” Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish.—In thirty years the western breeze had not once fann’d his blood :——he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinf-

man breathed through his lattice. His children
——— but here my heart began to bleed—and
I was forced to go on with another part of the
portrait.

He was sitting on the ground, upon a little
straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon,
which was alternately his chair and bed. A lit-
tle calendar of small sticks were laid at the head,
notched all over with the dismal days and nights
he had passed there. He had one of these little
sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he
was etching another day of misery to add to the
heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he
lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door,—
then cast it down,—shook his head,—and went
on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains
upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his
little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep
sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul—I burst into
tears—I could not sustain the picture of con-
finement which my fancy had drawn.

Scerne.

“ Curses blast thee ! pale-faced Savage,
 Ruin seize thy ruthless kind,
 Train'd to rapine, skill'd to ravage,
 Gain, the God that grasps thy mind.

Now ye red men take your fill,
 Give the scalping knife its due,
 The red right arm is bare to kill.—
 This my children, this to you.”

Reeking from the white man's brain,
 Lo ! he lifts the scalp on high :
 “ Logan does not wish thee pain.
 Fly to death's dark caverns, fly !

See they come ! they come to meet us !
 Raise the yell that makes them quake,
 Say,—Shall puny white men beat us ?
 Men that every blast can shake ?

Men that fear the rushing rain,
 Men that fear the clouded sky,
 Men that shrink and howl at pain,
 Nor know to triumph when they die.

Now ye tiger tribes be brave,
 Think that Logan sees the fight ;
 Scalps on scalps adorn my cave,
 Glad'ning to my children's fight.

Sulph'rous smokes obscure the view,
 War the hills and dales reply.
 Now ye red men, now be true !
 Ye know to fight ! ye dare to die !”

Hand to hand the warriors rush,
 Shouts and yells in echoes die ;

Tom'hawks cleave, and bay'nets push,—
They fly ! they fly ! the white men fly !

One brave band alone remains,
One alone of all that band,
Every shot and blow sustains,
Red like ours his heavy hand.

See they sink—he's left alone,—
Still our warriors slain the fields ;
See ! he falls, but fighting on
Sits, and still his sword he wields.

Logan seiz'd the brave man's arm,
Longing, look'd upon his face ;
Logan will not do thee harm,
Tho' thou art of faithless race :

Logan's sons had been like thee,——
White men shot them from the bush ;
The brave shall not be harm'd by me,—
He's dead,—he's flown—and all is hush.

None thy beauteous corse shall wound ;
None thy hairy scalp shall tear ;
Thou shalt sleep with warriors round,
Thou the dead-men's feast shall share.

Seize the scalps, and count the slain ;
White-men, weep your brothers' woes !
Ease our dying chiefs from pain :——
White men learn to fear your foes !

So, Logan triumph'd o'er the foe ;
Logan's fame was fairly won :
So, Logan laid the white-men low,——
——But set is Logan's sun.——

Why bring ye not the heated stone,
To fear and seam my manly breast?
Why sure the torture is not done!
Such pain Cololoo bears in jest.

R E C I T A L.

Round his head Idiego hurl'd
His hatchet keen and good;
Whizzing, fierce the weapon whirl'd,
And quiver'd in the wood.

Reldor then with fullen stride,
His knife was in his hand,
Advanc'd, and thus aloud he cry'd,—
And cut the twisted band.

Reldor takes thee for his son,
Colwall in battle slain;
In many a fight his fame he won,
Nor shrunk from death or pain.—

Silent now the warrior train
Bear the blood-stain'd chief,—
No more they weep for Colwall slain,—
No more is known of grief.—

William Dunlap.

++

A gentleman, whose property suffered considerable damage in the recent East-India war, and who nearly lost his life in an attempt to preserve it, left England a few years ago, and married the daughter of a rich native of Madras. He was at that time engaged to a young English woman, whose death is the subject of the ballad of

JANE OF DOVER.

++

NATURE to Fortune's partial wish
The matchless charms could ne'er discover
That wanton'd o'er the faultless face
And graceful form of JANE OF DOVER.

Her eye express'd the soul of love,
Blue, downcast, gay—with peace and youth:
She lov'd her GEORGE, a fond young sailor,
And lov'd him too with faith and truth.

For twelve long months she had not held
Her lover to her constant breast;
And oft in tears of tender fear
For him she lost the hour of rest.

The vessel came—her changing cheek

Love, Hope, and Transport crimson'd over!—
She reach'd the shore, and ask'd the crew

For GEORGE, her dear lov'd GEORGE, of DOVER.

Compassion fill'd each pitying eye :

The rough hard sailors, fault'ring said,

“ We saw, sweet JANE, thy false love wedded

“ To a young splendid Indian maid.”

Speechless she pln'd awhile——her eyes

The mists of death came slowly over :

Heav'n struck by war his hopes, who broke

The tender heart of JANE OF DOVER

Anon.

C



THE

MOUSE'S PETITION.

Found in a Trap where he had been confined all night.



OH! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs :
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate :
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free born mouse detain.

Oh ! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth :
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal Meals supply ;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives ;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts through matter's varying forms,
And every form the same.

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find ;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day,
Be *all* of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd ;
And every charm of heart felt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

Mrs. Barbauld: